

Noreen Renier

July 11, 1991

Dear Marcello,

Moving is not one my favorite experiences. I know you must be busy and at times expasperated by your move. But I wanted to let you know of my recent devastation.

Frank Weimann, the N.Y. Agent said Bantam wanted me to turn my m.s. into a novel. He had a writer for me. When the writer from Boca Ratan called I asked her what books she had written. She hadn't written any. She had worked for the STAR and on Fleet St in London. Her vibes totally turned me-off. I left a message on the agent's phone, saying if he wanted someone to write a novel with me, I wanted a published writer...someone that had written a novel.

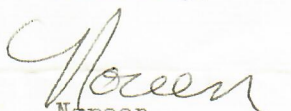
She must have been related to my so-called agent in N.Y. because he wrote me a two sentence letter, saying things aren't working out to our mutual satisfaction. I guess he lied to me about Bantam's interest in the m.s. If I had known more about books I would have been suspicious when he wanted me to change it into a "novel"...my truth is better than any fiction.

I feel foolish, that as a psychic, I didn't listen to the intuitive signals. I guess when you want to believe, it's easy to be decieved.

I haven't given up. I've written over 200 pages and will continue. Would you please re-consider letting me get in touch with your agent? If she doesn't like my m.s. or want to represent me, that's okay...but I need to keep trying!

I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,


Noreen

7/1/92

Dr. Marcello Trunzi:

I am writing requesting your help. I am currently under psychic attack. I am being raped, sodomized, physically and verbally beaten. I have been unable to find enough proof to put these people in prison. I happened to read an article a few days ago where you helped to solve a murder. I am asking for your assistance. This attack has been going on for over 18 months. I have lost 2 positions and it is truly wrecking havoc with my life.

Sincerely Yours,
Yvette Simon - Holmes
198 First Street
Albany, New York 12210
1(518)432-9244

Received
6/16/92

ATASCADERO MAY 13, 1993

LOUSI J. MATAÇIA.

I KNOW THE REASON OF
2 EARTHQUAKES IN MEXICO IN SEPTEMBER
15 AND 16 .

ONE VOLCAN IN FILIPINAS
IN JUNE OF 1991

AND CILON IN FLORIDA
AUGUST 24 , 1992

JESUS CHRIST WAS IN THE
EARTH FROM NOVEMBER 1990

ACROSS MY BODY AND
SPIRIT MY NAME IS JUAN DIEGO
WHO TOOK FLOWERS TO THE VIRGIN
IN 1531 TO TEPEYAC MOUNT IN
MEXICO CITY, ALL IS IN BIBLE
I RECEIVED TO HOLY SPIRIT BUT
DOCTORS CAN'T BELIEVE ME
BECAUSE I'M IN JAIL I GOT
WITNESS ABOUT THIS

IF YOU WANT DISCOVER
VISIT TO ME IN ATASCADERO STATE
HOSPITAL .

THANKS

J. Mataçia

Abdul Aziz Radwan
President
Radwan Mission for Promoting Arts
P.O. BOX - 1460 - GPO Karachi - (No.1) - 74200 - Pakistan

Dr. Marcello Truzzi, Director
Center for Scientific Anomalies Research
P.O.Box. 1052 - Ann Arbor, Michigan
48106 - 1052 - USA

Dear Dr. Marcello

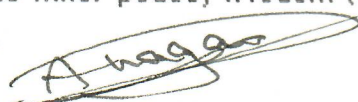
I am communicating with thinkers supporting my Humanitarian believes that: (Now is the time to stop the suppressio veri on the Global youngsters, without regard to race, creed, color, national origin, or handicap, it is sine qua non that they must have in hand, the Upshot Univocal Knowledge of the future).

>>>>>>>>> Fields of Interest or Searched out facts/Upshot:-

- 01] Computer Analyzing for (Mysterious Calligraphic Art) for Research studies.
 - 02] Reproducing this Art for Humanitarian Support at a (highest tech., country).
 - 03] Shearing Mysterious Univocal Knowledge for the Seek of new generations on any of these Subjects, beside Upshot reports on gifted individuals on the same:-
- >>>>Cosmology, Cosmological symbols, World Religious symbols, Psychological symbols, Parapsychology, Pyramidal Symbols/Glyph, Spiritual Astronomy, Spiritual Stations and States, Spiritual Retreats, Spiritual Therapy, Mystical Art/Music/poetry, Metaphysics, Psychometry, Sphragistics, The Sensory & Psychic structure, Extrasensory Psychic Research, Telepathy, Serendipity, Palmistry, Tarot, Yin-Yang, Vibration of numbers, Saint Elmo's fire or light, The Why of Creation, The Unity of Being, The World of Archetypes, the McCoy, The Gathering of Opposites, Manhood, Angles, Devils, Ghosts, Predestinarianism, Meditation, Personal paths to inner peace, Wisdom (old/new).

Yours sincerely,

Abdul Aziz



president of Radwan Mission to Gift His Late
Honorable Father Museum to Pakistan at Karachi

Ref.: RMUK .: 1234001-1A

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*** >>> TEL No. (0092-21) 470589.**

*** >>> Dated : January 23, 1994.**

^^

How is the best way
to tell if there is a spirit
in the house? other than ~~that~~
Then how I found out?

would like to know
what you think

Please Ans.

When I found out there was a
spirit in my house. I don't
know how long it was here
I was tired and so weak and
I didn't know why until July
24th 1993. This night I was in
bed with the TV on and a
lite. Then I seen a lite coming
over the ceiling and stop over my
body then came down and
stoped about 5 to 6 in from body.
And stayed there for about 6-7
min. I was so scared I could
not move. When I tryed to get
up I was so weak I could not
walk. I was told it was sucking
energy from my body. Then I
called a lady that worked with
spirits. She came over with other
people. They could not do any thing
with it. It would push them
and kick them. We had to get
out of the house. I called a priest
and that didnt do any good.

the people next door came
over and and they could feel
it this bad spirit

bad spirit. The lady that worked
with with spirits had to call in
a high priest to get it out. But
didn't get here for about 3 weeks
I stayed out of the house. When
the high priest came he got it out
but they all got hurt.

He got the name out of the spirit
The name was Raymond and said
that he wanted to get a body and
live, and he was after me.

My stepfather name was Raymond
I don't know how or why
they came in but two more came
in. One was walking upstairs.

The people next door came over to
hear it. It would walk all the time
we had to call the high priest back
to get them out and he had to seal
the house. I live alone, I have no
one, and I'm scared to be in the house
alone. I can't name any of them. I ...

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW INSTITUTE FOR SURVIVAL INTO THE FUTURE

Vol 1, No. 1

September 22, 1993

Dear friend,

SCIENCE NEWS OF September 11, 1993 reports yet another cause for the record low levels reported last spring of atmospheric ozone, the airborne chemical that shields life on Earth from harmful solar radiation. "Chlorine nitrate is an active agent in ozone depletion, which has not been realized before, says Ralf Toumi and his colleagues, all atmospheric chemists at the University of Cambridge in England. Chalk up one more way human life could be destroyed. Add it to the list which has been growing longer and longer for...how many years? "The End" has been hit and missed so many times before that probably most people believe this old world will just keep rolling along no matter what doomsday prophets say. Well, ignorance is bliss, but it is also irresponsible. The truth is we are still walking on solid Earth in relative safety only through the grace of God (to use a well-worn cliché). There has been a well-organized effort to keep this planet in one piece long enough to accomplish the final Salvation of Mankind, commonly termed the "Second Coming of Christ." This effort has called for cooperation between Heavenly Beings and co-workers who have incarnated in human bodies at this time specifically to help with the Salvation. The Heavenly Beings (Bible scholars will recognize the Hebrew term "Elohim") have superior knowledge and technology, but they still need their physical helpers to carry out details here below of the Divine Plan which comes from above. If you find this idea hard to swallow, feeling Jesus' Sacrifice was sufficient to save all of Mankind, please

or the following from a rational point of view: How much larger is human population in 1993 than it was 2000 years ago? How much larger

and more complex is the civilized world? How much more is available now in the way of media and mass communications? How much bigger are the stakes now in terms of survival or extinction of Mankind? If you are honest, I think you'll admit that one Man alone couldn't handle the enormous job which is at hand now. I think you'll remember that Jesus said that His followers would be parts of His Body and would continue His Work, doing greater things than He did.

If you want to actively be part of that Body, please read on.

*Thy Kingdom come, on Earth as it is
in Heaven.*

WHAT REALLY MATTERS IN LIFE?
by J. B. Abel

In a supremely materialistic society, such as exists in America today, the percentage of humans who care what God's will is, let alone do it, is so small as to be negligible. There are some very influential people in my life who will read my opening statement and shake their heads in disapproval or maybe out and out guffaw. There are even more people who would shrug their shoulders and say, "So what?", given the unlikely possibility that they would read my opening statement in the first place. The reason for the widespread misinterpretation of God's intentions on one hand and the nonchalant ignorance of them on the other is that the refining process long prophesied to be done to the priesthood of Yahweh, the separating out of the gold from the dross, is very near to completion. The time for harvest of perfected souls is close. The numbers of brave souls willing to stand in the breach, between the camp of those who would remake God in their own image and the camp of those who see nothing except pursuit of material success, are few.

In the midst of rampant materialism live a class of souls at various levels of perfection who intuitively reject the shortsighted, topsy-turvy goals of this world. They feel out of place in modern day churches which have departed from the teachings of the founder, Yahoshua Messiah. Some have been able to apply their intuitive knowledge through alternative churches, some through Oriental religious studies, or the Occult, or the New Age Movement, others through Native American beliefs, or living in harmony with nature, or holistic health practices. These ascending souls have found many ways to temporarily satisfy their intuitive craving for the Divinely appointed Way which cannot be found in the humanistically-

oriented labyrinth of modern society. The satisfaction is temporary because one always comes to the limit of any humanly-created path, a point where to continue would be to fall back into the ways of the world one has been trying to get away from. When a soul has consciously realized that limit, it is ready for one of the teachers commissioned by Yahweh.

One of those teachers has been sent and installed in the suburban area of New York City. If you are reading this paper, you may be one of the souls she has been sent to teach. You have an opportunity to study Truth of the most ancient origin, as it has been preserved for many millennia by individuals belonging to the Brotherhood founded by the entity which became Yahoshua Messiah.

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"Who is this person who has the audacity to claim authority to teach me?" you may ask, and rightfully so. Let me digress from my topic for a bit to set down some credentials. My name is Judith Elinor Barber Abel (call me "Judy"). I was incarnated in my present body July 16, 1939 in West Bend, Wisconsin, USA. From early childhood I was trained to be a musician and I studied that trade in undergraduate, graduate, and post-graduate school. Recently, I studied undergraduate mathematics, as that was a gap in my knowledge. Being raised in a midwestern Lutheran church assured that I got a firm grounding in Protestant theology based on the Bible. My education in religion (Buddhism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, Taoism, Confucianism and others as well as Christianity) continued at St. Olaf College in Minnesota. At about age 30, after listening to a dynamic evangelist, Bible study and prayer became part of my daily routine. The new insights I gained daily fascinated me. When I had finished several in-depth studies of the Bible cover to cover, I went to the writings of the

early Church Fathers and eagerly devoured those. After that, my insatiable quest for knowledge took me into studies of mysticism, numerology, Wilhelm Reich's work with "orgone energy", the Cabala, relationships between Yahweh's work with mankind and UFO'S, to name a little of my diverse education. When I had studied independently for about 10 years, then I found a Brotherhood teacher (although I did not know the significance of that at the time).

Under the tutelage and overseership of C.E. "Ed" Chaffin, I lived and learned in an Essene community for 14 years. In addition to the group and private instruction I received from Ed, I was given admonishments by letter from ascended masters (Brotherhood teachers on the etheric plane who are able to influence the physical plane, for example, make typewriters or computers write messages to people) who identified themselves as Shinar, M. Torres, and Dr. Paul White. Some of my readers may recognize that the community at Eclectic, Alabama in which I lived and studied was one of the experimental communities the Brotherhood inspired and directed in the 20th century. Findhorn, Scotland and Stelle, Illinois were two that preceded ours.

From the beginning of my instruction I was aware that the time would come when I would leave the community and go to another place to carry out my service to my Father in Heaven. In May, 1993, it was made clear that the time had come for me to leave. Now, our Brotherhood respects and honors the free will of its people; by my free choice, I conformed to Divine Will. With strong faith in Yahweh and help from the secret knowledge which is given to Brotherhood teachers, I was able to make my transition to my new place. So, now my daughters and I are in Crompond.

New York. In only three weeks, human time, all the promises Yahweh made to me in Alabama are being fulfilled.

* * * *

"Who am I?", "Where did I come from?", "Why am I here?" are questions all men and women should be asking. The details of their answers are different for every individual and they change as one's knowledge and experience increases--the cliches of standardized religion simply do not apply. Therefore, in study with a Brotherhood teacher, there can be no doctrine and no creed, only an open mind and a process of discovery. The only prerequisite is basic faith in the existence of and the love of God.

Instruction has to be on an individual basis, by letter if you're far from Crompond, by personal visit if you're near. A Brotherhood teacher will not impose on a student--the student has to take the initiative. There will be periodic newsletters of a general nature and group meetings for fellowship and mutual support. Because conditions on our planet indicate time is short, and because the Brotherhood has told me my students are prepared to advance rapidly, the teaching and group development won't be like what I went through at Eclectic. My students may be called on in much shorter order than I was to enter the service of the Brotherhood as mature workers. And, for sure, every potential Brotherhood helper is needed. I am understating the situation.

Please respond to this letter prayerfully and thoughtfully. Your friendship and support are immensely appreciated and definitely noticed on the etheric plane. Write to me at P.O. Box, Crompond, N.Y. 10517 or call me at (914)526-4413 and indicate that you would like an application for study with *The Great White Brotherhood.*

Until then, Judy

Mercedes Pineiro
p.O. Box 101
Parsippany, N.J. 07054
January 27, 1993

CSAR
P.O. Box 1052
Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103

Dear Sir:

I am not really a psychic but I should have been born between Feb. 19, to March 20 in order to be a psychic. I received information from a textbook when I was starting to study about the psychology of hand analyzing along with astrology in order to be qualified with Mind Development and Control Assn. because already I have a non-academic doctoral degree of applied psychology. I was born on April 1, and I am Arian and I like to work with my hands of what I can do. I can type, correspond, sew and do art work with a magnifying glass, pencil crayons of different colors, and with a plastic films to produce an image, and I do psychological research on health, graphology, photo-analyzing, astrology and palmistry and I like to write of what knowledge I have obtained but I don't pretend to be a psychic not even to obtain publicity.

However, whenever I receive some letters from foreign countries written in foreign languages and I don't have time to translate the information I usually analyze the message written in foreign language I may know what the other person is writing about in order to understand.

I received about a week ago, three booklets written in Japanese and I am learning to correspond in Japanese but I understand from observation of these booklets, it is about safe driving of cars, bicycles and motorcycles on the road because these booklets have pictures of what is all about that I understand but I am able to read hirangi and katakana of Japanese but I am not able to read Tokyo Kanji because Tokyo Kanji consist of Chinese characters to be deciphered and analyzed constantly with other books to obtain information about the pronunciation of Japanese with scripture of Chinese characters in writing.

I am not interested in crime and international intrigue, only animal and human behavior to analyze.

Yours truly,
Mercedes Pineiro

John M. Sinter
1230 N st 502
Sacramento CA
95814

JAN 29, 1992
~~April 15, 1989~~

I want to report the existence of a Brain Devise called M.I.N.D. or
MAGNETIC INTERGRATED NERON DUPLICATOR.

This devise tunes in on a persons brain wave, it works this way:
It projects a beam of electromagnetic energy and is aimed at persons brain,
Which it picks up on.

It works on the same frequency as the human brain.

Once they have you tuned in, They know what your thinking, seeing, feeling,
ect, they also can communicate with you.

They experminted on my mind for 18 months.

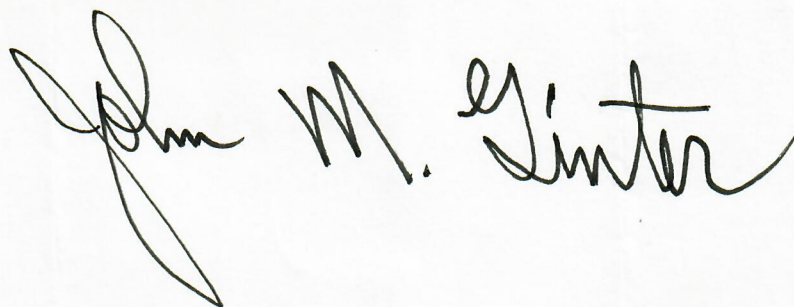
While I was in the Adjustment Center, in San Quentin in 1967, from a
house overlooking the A.C. Unit belonging to the Assoiate Warden.

I belive they were psych professinals working from the Brain Research Unit
or Lab at the University of California at Berkley.

This devise has a great magnitute to the general public,
This is why it is still secret,

Ive been trying to expose it since I was released from prison in June of
1977.

Sincerely

John M. Sinter

SP91 PG 0465
I CAN'T PROVE THIS BY A PREPON-
DERANCE OF THE EVIDENCE, BECAUSE
IF I COULD I WOULD SUE FOR
MILLIONS, BUT I'M GETTING CLOSER
EVERY DAY, I JUST RECIEVED A
COPY OF MIND WARS WHERE I
GOT THIS ADDRESS. I HOPE YOU WILL
FIND MY ALLEGATIONS INTERESTING

Steve M. King

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1991

SP CARON

Woman Kills Clerk At FCC Headquarters

New York — A woman who apparently thought radio waves were intruding in her life shot and killed a Federal Communications

Commission clerk outside the agency's New York offices, police said.

Catherine Foster, 51, was leaving the building at the end of the day Wednesday when she was shot twice, said police spokesman Andrew McInnis.

Officers arrested Jeanette Demarest, 53, and took a .22-caliber automatic pistol from her. Police said the woman told investigators that the FCC had been conducting illegal surveillance of her and that she had filed a lawsuit against the agency to stop the harassment.

Demarest, from Greeley, Colo., was charged with murder, criminal possession of a weapon and criminal use of a weapon.

EDWARD BOYX JR
HOLMAN 3500 250-8
ATMORE ALA 36503-3700



C.S.A.P.
P.O. Box 1052
ANN ARBOR MICHIGAN 48103

I without fail and ship I will
be sure to send my love to you and
all the family for all the purposes
of the heart of a true friend
your with kind wishes
EDWARD

HOLMAE
AT MORE
W 803752
700
ALA 36503 3700
EDWARD

July 1, 1994

To: Professor Marcello Truzzi

Dear Sir,

In conjunction to my letter I also saw this man being interviewed on a TV program. When he said the government had 9 UFO's I could hardly believe what I was hearing, because that was the exact number I saw.

I am writing to you because of your knowledge of UFOs. I would appreciate any information you can give me concerning the validity of these 9 UFOs.

Thank You.

Hoping to hear from you,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Pete Swick".

Pete Swick
2372 Antigua Ct.
Hemet CA 92545
(909) 652-8737

replied
7/17/94

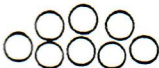
May 07, 1994

On March 17, 1989, my wife and I were in Redlands, CA. The sky was spotty with a few clouds. The clouds were high in the sky.

We had just left Beaver Clinic, when I noticed nine large objects. They were under the clouds in this formation  They had color like the moon in day light.

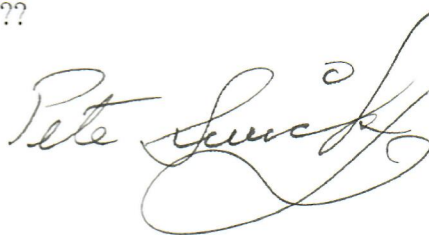
Then they changed to this formation 

 forming a crescent.

Then they changed to this formation   a few seconds later they started to pulsate-bright light, like the sun reflects off a mirror or highly polished chrome. Always "even" no variation in pulsating, all were pulsating in unison.

They were heading north at a moderate speed. I watched them for approximately five minutes before they disappeared.

I will volunteer to take any lie detector test. A man who worked in the secret government development program in Nevada. Wrote a book, he claims the government has built nine UFO's and are testing them. Is it just possible these are the nine ????



Pete Swick
2372 Antigua ct.
Hemet, CA. 92545
(909) 652-8737 phone
(714) 755-5437 fax

Tom Schultz
420 E. Marshall Ave.
Bethel Care Center, Room. 310
7-14-1994
(612)-224-2368
or (612)-293-1778

To Whom it may concern: I'm a spiritualist. you know Out on a Limb ,reincarnation.psychics and, like that.

the difference from spiritualism and Christianity is that spiritualism realize on science to explain itself. unlike tChristianity witch, in my opinion, tries to explain most things in myth.

try and follow this closely. they say the soul is magnetism. witch is just the centrifical force o of electrons of an atom going around the nucleus. I learned that from basic electronics in vo-tech atoms are everywhere thus so is magnetism.the life force to spiritualist,the Holly Ghost toChristians and God too Jews if,

I think science today knows theseforces as Alpha, Beta, or Gamma,rays if I also, remember right Jesus was a Jew .and Ithink I remember in one of his teachings say these things are not written in stone. of coursethat's just fromthe movie on his life that they showeveryEaster.

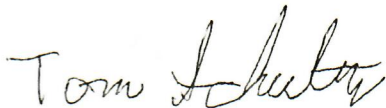
anyway,

the brainisan electronic organ with chmicals.all you needto make atransiver. radio,that is,is electricity,made by the brain, crystals, made created artificially the chemicals also,in the brain.and magnetism created,by whatever,you whant to call it,absorbed and used by the body through some kind of photosythesis.and you have a soul.

thus ends mtaphysics 101

thereason I'M riting this isto let you know there is something to us and the voices I hear.

Tom Schultz



too be continude

Huron SD 57350



Dr. Marcello Truzzi - Director
Center for Scientific Anomalies
Research

Box 1052

Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103

10/30/92
12 AM

Dr. Marcello Tuzza
CSAK
Box 1052
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103

Marcello, I don't know what to do, I've violated
no matter what I do, even attorneys violate
me regardless of the consequences. And
other attorneys won't recognize me, even
with felonies presented to them. Impossible
I'm being murdered, Blamed for their actions
and everyone denies my existence
I'm shut down and can only think, write,
talk when let go of or to prove their point
then I'm murdered anyway - all the while
they feed a false reality in "he" and
a cover for the inside damage their doing
all for their pleasure. Psyche Destruction
and everyone holds me down.

10/30/92

It is subliminal switches accompanied
with subliminal commands. If I'm not in
misery and pain in one form or another then
not happy. I can only write or think when
they let me go for something else. I'm shut
down 99% of the time - Don't and don't
on command. Everything sacred is being
cut to pieces and so burned. It's impossible
to shut off in prison or on phone because
it's either warnings and lies which I can't
hear or I'm shut down. In on paper (letters

to attorneys and gov. agencies - 90% don't
respond or lies come back. I've been in
4 Board hearings and 3 writ of Habeas corpus
hearings, all based on lies -
1987 1st writ - Delatours and truth not recognized
Perschel letter and Discretion thrown in face
1988 2nd writ - forced shut without going forward
1988 3rd writ - forced up by saying I hit a
forced medication hearing which was extended - it's a felony

very cruel
to keep
- 10/30/92

10/30/92

I don't know what to do only by feeding

Psychics are reading my mind and body
actions and predicting

then Broadcasting those thoughts over CB
UHF, VHF and Ham and shortwave, longwave
and can dub into anything electronic is
artist voice and even telephone

And Electronic Activated Voices (no speakers)
broadcast my thoughts to who ever they
want within 1/2 mile - and read who ever
they want and feed them shit.

They were people with throat cut, secretaries
taken over, then people feed, lie or lie to
me regardless of the level of what damage
it does to me.

I'm constantly being disassociated from
memory so they can make me forget and
not able to communicate what they're doing
and are doing.

they're killing me and its impossible to
shut off.

Its done by satellite

even in Antarctica they read, predict, broadcast
and torture me for their pleasure

I'm not learning anything - but they feed
people do this & him will figure it out
or give him an example.

Its all lies to control what I'm aware of - all
I am is a music box so they can feel
good.

10/20/92

How would you like it - there's
no place for this but in early 80's
I had a spiritual dream in which I
saw a Buddha across the field in
which I looked in his eyes and
they connected in Blue Light.
And ever since then it carried with me
Before I was murdered June 12, 1986
I was extremely spiritual and sensitive
to environment and other forces. I met
psychics at a Davis Unconsciously Crafts fair
in (1985) and they read my energy and one
asked if I did yoga - I said No, - but I
meditated. That was (Berkeley Institute Psychics)
I was deeply centered in Rajaraj Books
The spiritual dream described is first time
I ever wrote it - I've never verbalized it.
If you can't see it - let a Psychic study it

I skimped the book *Blue Sense*
between 11:30 - 12:40 on 10/27/92 10/30/92
did you know it?
I need a friend

presently I'm in a half-way house on
that side because doctor won't go over
morning and court system - ~~offer~~ and
Judges are scared of lawyers being taken
over so I continue
to be murdered for people's fears and
misunderstandings - when will the
terror end.

1st letter
in 3 weeks
to you.
on meds
I can't
think when
let go of
write

I hope, if the extreme pain of ~~the~~ terror or
the suicide doesn't kill me
And these sadistic idiots don't find someone
else to torture for no reason

Save my life - the legal society has
proven they could care less.

I'd like to be able to listen to God again

Shut it off

Jon Bisch
Box 623
Huron, SD 57350

Enclosures: part 79 - Moody,
will 3/6/92, (Switch), Affidavit -
- Disclaimer, AIC - 4/3/92, Affidavits
lies - at 5/28/92, 6/2/92, 6/5/92, -
Ex. lies at 7/13/92, Santa Rosa - CA -
Chico on 1986.



American Inventors Corporation
82 Broad Street
Westfield, MA 01086-1616
(413) 568-3753

April 3, 1992

Jon E. Bisch
PO Box 623
Huron, SD 57350

RE: C39041
"FALSE SELF SHUT OFF
FREQUENCIES"

Dear Mr. Bisch:

Your invention has been reviewed by our Engineering Department. Taken as a whole we feel it does not meet our criteria for representation.

We have stringent rules for accepting new ideas. Even though an idea may have merit it may not meet all of our criteria.

Most inventive people come up with ideas from time to time. If at some point in the future you wish to submit another idea to us for assessment, please do so. Simply submit your idea on paper using your complete name and address. We will maintain all additional ideas in your original file.

We thank you for considering American Inventors Corporation and we look forward to hearing from you in the future.

Sincerely,

Diane Tagliavini
Diane Tagliavini
Marketing Department

kd

- Invention Counseling

- Disclosure Registration

- Patent Services

- Design Assistance

- Marketing Services

- Technology Transfer

BOYCE, MURPHY, McDOWELL & GREENFIELD

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Jeremiah D. Murphy
Russell R. Greenfield
David J. Vickers
Gary J. Pashby
Vance R.C. Goldammer
Thomas J. Welk
Terry N. Prendergast
James E. McMahon
Douglas J. Hajek
Michael S. McKnight
Brian J. Bauer
Gregg S. Greenfield

Norwest Center, Suite 600
101 North Phillips Avenue
P.O. Box 5015
Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57117-5015
Telephone 605 336-2424
Telecopier 605 334-0618

Of Counsel
John R. McDowell

J.W. Boyce (1884-1915)
John S. Murphy (1924-1966)

May 29, 1992

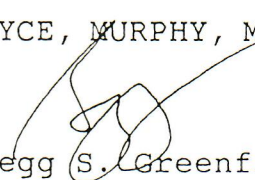
Mr. Jon Bisch
Post Office Box 623
Huron, SD 57350-2546

Dear Mr. Bisch:

We have received your letter of May 27, 1992. Based upon the information set forth in your letter, we are sorry to inform you that we are unable to help you at this time. We are returning herewith your letter of May 27, 1992, along with a copy of your letter to U.S. Attorney Kevin Schieffer and Bonnie Ulrich, Assistant U.S. Attorney. We are also returning to you the enclosed copies of handwritten documents that you have prepared. Please retain these for your records. Note also that no copies of any of your correspondence were made or retained by Boyce, Murphy, McDowell & Greenfield.

Sincerely,

BOYCE, MURPHY, MCDOWELL & GREENFIELD



Gregg S. Greenfield

GSG:wjf

Enclosures

BOYCE, MURPHY, McDOWELL & GREENFIELD

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J.W. Boyce (1884-1915)
John S. Murphy (1924-1966)

June 2, 1992

Mr. Jon Bisch
P.O. Box 623
Huron, SD 57350

Dear Mr. Bisch:

I acknowledge your letter of May 31, 1992, together with attachments.

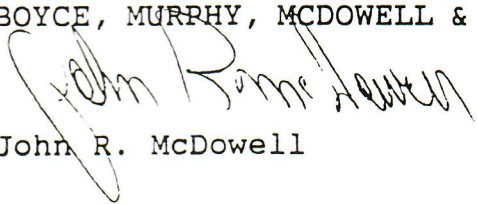
As you will note from our law firm letterhead, I am listed as "of counsel" which means I am in the process of retirement from the practice of law. By reason of my retirement which takes place later this year I cannot undertake any new legal matters.

I would suggest you make contact with an attorney in Huron which is your home base.

I return to you herewith the letters and documents which were enclosed with your May 31, 1992 letter. Please note that our firm did not make or retain copies of any of these documents or letters.

Very truly yours,

BOYCE, MURPHY, MCDOWELL & GREENFIELD


John R. McDowell

JRMCD:rvb

Enclosures

CHURCHILL, MANOLIS, FREEMAN, KLUDT & KAUFMAN
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
FARMERS AND MERCHANTS BANK BUILDING
P.O. BOX 176
HURON, SOUTH DAKOTA 57350-0176

IRWIN A. CHURCHILL 1882-1961
JOHN P. SAUER 1901-1965
WILLIAM S. CHURCHILL
GEORGE N. MANOLIS
RODNEY FREEMAN, JR.
DOUGLAS E. KLUDT
GERALD L. KAUFMAN, JR.

TELEPHONE
605-352-8624

FAX
605-352-2205

June 5, 1992

Mr. John Bisch
PO Box 623
Huron, South Dakota 57350-0623

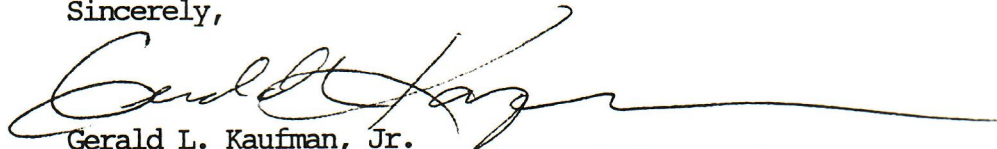
Dear Mr. Bisch:

I am in receipt of your letter dated May 29, 1992. I would state initially that your notes of our meeting are not totally accurate nor complete, but you are correct in your understanding that I advised you to go to the library to see if they had the Martindale-Hubbel Directory, as admittedly I am not an expert as it comes to satellite communications. Possibly you have a valid claim, but again I do not have the expertise to evaluate such a claim in that field nor do I have the time to become an expert, given my areas of legal practice.

Possibly the Courthouse would have copies of the Martindale-Hubbel Directory which you could look at, as unfortunately according to your letter the library no longer has copies of those books.

Thank you.

Sincerely,



Gerald L. Kaufman, Jr.
of Churchill, Manolis, Freeman, Kludt & Kaufman

GLK/tj



Comptroller of the Currency
Administrator of National Banks

Midwestern District Office
2345 Grand Avenue, Suite 700
Kansas City, Missouri 64108

July 13, 1992

Mr. Jon Bisch
P.O. Box 623
Huron, South Dakota 57350

Dear Mr. Bisch:

We received your July 8, 1992 letter about filing a disclaimer. The Comptroller of the Currency's Office is responsible for enforcing national bank compliance with state and federal consumer protection laws. We are unfamiliar with filing disclaimers.

I am sorry we cannot assist you.

Very truly yours,

Victoria S. Kirkpatrick
Consumer Affairs Specialist
Midwestern District

June 15/92

In post. ^{California at 86} Santo Rosa - they turned (f) horror on and desecrated me with severe pain in head and abdominal regions - it like a whole headache worse imaginable (10 fold). they stole car, had me do confessions to their lies till I'm out it. stole all belongings - then said feed - cameras in one of those garbage cans, had me digging in muddy gutter for (herbal medicine). had me eating plastic - then ice tea to neutralize the plastic. they'd turn it on to get what they wanted then once they got it - they'd turn it off for fun. I was up for 3 1/2 days, no food for 4 days. Feeding was reality. Their wasn't E & U's (electronic activated voices). ^{talking to me until 1 day before they left} ~~controlling the~~ ^{schizophrenic} things were controlling me but no one heard them they'd pass the warnings from people to people and what to feed and when to feed it. They were mostly on CB, and VHF, they fed women he thinks all women are cunts and I'd catch shit. In office people would have to go to phone to find out what I was thinking and what to feed by what they predicted. Usually 5-10 minute gaps. They had me - with possession too I chest in k-mart and wonder - take it and start walking North to DA Fort Johns - then they changed their mind and I was ordered back by people feeding they fed girl friend in Chico - If you tell him with kill him, she would verbally abuse me if she caught me asking her to shut CB off, If I didn't ask she was extremely nice but would feed go out and get answer. Where I lived in hills of Chico - one day Dan took me down and beat me up for not doing anything - then stood up and was feeding - I never heard what was said. No one could figure out why I never heard the truth when being fed. I couldn't figure out what they were doing had to ^{find out by feed}

{ This is the first installment of the amazing autobiography of a young man who believes he is in contact with space aliens, that he was abducted and taken to another planet for therapy, that the aliens are God's emissaries, and that God has charged him with telling the world. It is handwritten, hard to read in places, it's long, it starts slowly and sometimes loops back on itself. It contains diagrams and maps. Apparently the Family Radio Network, a religious crackpot gang with a shortwave transmitter, has caught the young man's attention and he wants them to air his story. They don't want anything to do with him. They're missing the boat. As he says, "People can decide whether to believe. I know it's hard." -Marco }

LISTEN to family radio and keep it on all night while I sleep. During the nights 20-22 of Jan 93 there was a Holy Spirit that came to me, in the form of what I think was the folks who run the flying saucers and deliver spiritual awakenings through mental telepathy and visual images transferred into my mind in very vivid dreamlike states.

They were very gentle with me as he and his helpers took me to the extremes of my soul and faced fear and death and anger and guilt, and sexual feelings mixed with fear, and they turned me into a killer and guilt that goes along with that.

And I loved them very much. And he said, "Love everybody, your mom, your dad, everybody." And I cried and cried and said I do, I do, everybody over and over, for I cried and moaned with heavy breathing for hours.

There were two nights of therapy and two nights of dreamlike states. On the one night, the third, I walked with the Lord through a series of steps and large rectangles with borders. One with grass. Another with a pool of water and seven pillars around it with a water spring coming out of rocks at the far end, then up a series of pyramid-like steps where there were bright lights, to a table.

There was a red carpet that flowed down the steps like blood. At the table were three candlesticks, the tallest in the center where he sat.

I sat on his right and was much lower than him. There was a big goblet-style wine glass and a book. I never saw his face but he held my hand on much of the walk. Next we walked to the right past an old church and talked to someone standing in the door. Then we walked out into a big field where one path crossed another, and he waved a stick across it at the one corner, as if he was saying, "I will harvest all this."

I WAS now standing behind a group of people, but I don't remember seeing anyone really. Next we were at a large red-orange sea filled to the brim, and the sky was the same. Like cotton candy, but glowing without a sun. There were very tall spires way out on the sea-- three of them, one the tallest, and what seemed like the edge of a city, through the red fog, that looked like lily pads connected together.

And here also he was waving his cane, saying, maybe, "Someday this will all be yours."

And once again I was standing behind a group of people that I couldn't really see, although they could have all been dressed with white robes like a graduation.

This story is to prepare you. Get ready and don't be alarmed when things start happening, and think it is of the devil, and don't scare people with all that talk. You have got to find a way to somehow introduce these ideas, and not frighten people, but have them receptive to what is bound to take place. It is up to you, and it might take time. You will believe me after you have read this story. If you study the story carefully you will be convinced. There is overwhelming evidence. This is the full story, and nothing has been left out although I can give you more details on the therapy sessions. Put yourself in my shoes and I'll put myself in yours.

Write me anybody tell your thoughts.

THERE IS an unusual coincidence here that I just discovered on this day before Easter. And that is that my father's name was Paul. The day I walked with the Lord was the early morning hours of Jan 22 which was the highlight of the four-night ordeal. Jan 22 was also the day the president was inaugurated into office, for I saw it on tv that day during the big flood, for it rained all night.

My dad was a minister, and so was his father, and maybe his father also. My mom's side of family the same way. My dad has been dead for over three years, and his birthday is Jan 22. The person who I call Jeeze is a person who is buried in my subconscious, that I have a strong emotional attachment to. Stronger than my mother or father or anyone. And I would frankly die for this person who since my childhood I have got to know, or this group of people. All I can say is "it is them," the ones who loved me so much. You cannot understand how it all came back, for it was buried in my memory, and now I know why I had that "motherless child" feeling.

I can't remember what these people look like. But I think one could be a skinny lady, and I think they would say, "Don't forget something," for that thought always comes.

Also the Gospel of Paul is the main focus of my Bible experience, and my spirit dad came to me and made himself known on that day and two days before. But I walked with him on Paul's birthday. Notice at the end of Col. 4:10 (I was reading Col. when I was abducted).

The Spirit of Elija is alive and well all right, and it's not just some dumb story on your radio. Get with it, Family Radio!

MY FATHER died over three years ago. My father's birthday is Jan. 22. I am writing to tell of the event that took place on Jan. 20 through 22, 1993. It started beforehand though when I started reading the Bible, starting at Acts a week before the event, and gradually as I came to Colossians one night and read halfway through. That night was a bit unusual as there was a cat meowing outside that sounded like it was talking in a strange voice, human-like, and I got scared and peeked out the window and heard kids yelling and playing out on the road somewhere, and there were creaking noises on the roof more than usual, and I had the feeling in me that I would like to meet aliens, as the thought came into my head, but I was scared. (While reading the Bible the words "God damn" kept coming into my head and I said no no, it's not me. But the words kept coming, and I felt very guilty and wanted Jeeze to like me. Also I thought I saw a devil's face peering in the window, but was only dust. The devil's face was very real even when I looked again at the dust. I was afraid at first, and thought I was going crazy a little.) To make a long story short, that night I was abducted and between meaning and terror and heavy breathing, and feeling sexual, as if in a dream, but conversing with a reassuring spirit saying help me and I love you over and over, and being reassured I was OK and saying yea yea and patting myself on the chest I made it through the night.

And I remember looking out the bottom of a saucer, and seeing it leave a building complex and rise very fast straight up, and a large grid pattern covering the total area as far as you could see, and it hovered for a second or two and took off like a sling-shot and the grid just warped before my eyes and became streaks of glowing red for the grid was made up of squares, and lines between in a crosshatch pattern all with a red-orange fluorescent glow with dark filling in the remaining space.

Don't hide the truth from the people!!! THE FIRST picture I saw behind my eyes was the vague vision of a hand that I couldn't recognize at first, but later realized what it was. It was a right hand narrow with long slender fingers, and the thumb was held close to the hand and the fingers were close together. (There could have been four fingers.) This happened right before the bright spot started to cross through the back of my eyes across the field of vision

and was like a welding torch blowing in the wind with a bright blue spatter emitting from the center sometimes, for I would say get brighter, get brighter, and then it did and it felt so good and I said yea yea. And there was another time when my eyeballs would be batting back and forth, and all this happened with closed eyes, and while wide awake. And after this sometime is when I started to feel my body floating and spiraling into my center like a tower of Babel or a wedding cake like spiral. And it felt like my body just was stretching in this spiral from the inside, and a feeling of floating and euphoria. Later that night I awoke from a dream, and I was stoning my sister in a rage, and I was so shocked and guilty, for I "knew" right then that I was a killer and I was so guilty and ashamed you can not believe. Here I am praising Jesus and I am a killer.

ON THE first day of my encounter it seems that I was looking out the bottom of a flying saucer. There was a square takeoff area, and a building complex that came into view as it rose slowly at first, then shot upward, and a massive grid pattern came that was surrounding the entire complex for miles all around. And the grid was like looking at crisscross lines like city streets with square tapered houses inside of each crisscross with black in between the streets, and the squares were glowing a fluorescent red.

And the picture shot way up in the air and came to a perfect stop, so high that there was nothing but a checkerboard-like grid, and there were butterflies in my stomach just looking down. It was perfectly still for two or three seconds, then took off to the south, accelerating with such speed that the grid just warped before your eyes and became just red streaks. And the inside of your stomach just twisted, although there was no feeling of inertia.

AND THE squares of the grid were raised slightly like little houses, I thought at first, and the bands between in the crosshatch pattern looked like city streets, but everything was all the same. And the roof of the building complex where the saucer took off was square and as it rose slowly at first you could see other buildings in the one area in a nice arrangement with a lawn, hedges, streets, paths, cornerstones or planter boxes on every corner, and many borders around most buildings and paths or streets. And the saucer all of a sudden rose to a very high height which made your stomach turn, and the buildings could not be seen amid the grid pattern that was glowing red. Then it took off a little slow at first, sideways, and picked up speed so fast that the picture of the grid bent and became streaks before your eyes. I mean really fast real quick, and this was beyond a doubt looking out the bottom of a saucer. And THIS COULD not have been created by my mind, for I have never seen anything as vivid, or am capable of creating this. I would like to know if you think I am one of the anointed for this happened when I was reading the Bible. I had started at Acts and was halfway through Colossians the evening when this five-day event took place (and ended on my father's birthday). He has been dead over three years. I have a feeling I am a chosen one for I have had a spiral feeling like a twisting floating feeling sometimes when younger.

I could be leading a double life with screen memories. Do you know of other people who are similar, for I feel it is my duty to tell the world that they are from God and coming back soon.

later the spirit told me you should love everybody, everybody, and I cried and said I do, I do, I love everybody, and then love your mom, your dad, yourself and I cried about each, and also I loved the spirit also, and cried and cried, and I told it my fears of dying and maybe I have cancer or am sick, and sometimes it wouldn't reply. And when it did reply it would put a thought in my head or a combination of thoughts that would lead to an answer, and all the time I breathe deep and moan and say yea, yea, or I don't know, and then it would tell me how much it loved me, and I would cry and cry for it had such love and an ability to draw out my feelings, and it made me feel guilty, angry, self pity, proud,

fearful, sexual, just about everything, and could cross all these feelings in a therapy session that involved my parents, myself and him. I also had the feeling that there was a group of maybe five others standing by watching, and having pity on me. There was one taller head one, and five helpers standing by. There was one time when the spirit stayed with me so long that I felt guilty, like, and then I heard this laugh and I said no, no that wasn't me, for it seemed it came from me, and it came at a time of odd sarcastic humor or just a laugh at the peculiarity of it all. And I got this feeling that there was a dead seriousness that made me feel very guilty for all they were doing for me. Now sometimes I feel they are up there laughing at me, for it is me who is the one who feels can be the fool. But I think of that laugh often and remember it was not them laughing. For they were dead serious. And they took me to have a medical examination as there was evidence of certain things that probed, and scraped skin, and a pain where a needle was put in, and other pains. I feel that I had a complete physical, which made me feel much better about my health. And on the third day during the storm and flood of January 21 I woke up and there was a warm glow in the room, and I felt like I was really tired, but couldn't remember a thing for I thought I had slept all night, but was so tired, and later that morning while we were looking at the swollen rivers and lakes during high flood the first picture came back that happened that night.

{ Here continues the astounding story of a young man who calls himself Jesus Freak and believes he was abducted by kind aliens from God and taken to another planet for therapy. He was reading Colossians when he was picked up. He wants the Family Radio Network to help get his story out, but they ignore him. Can you imagine? -Marco }

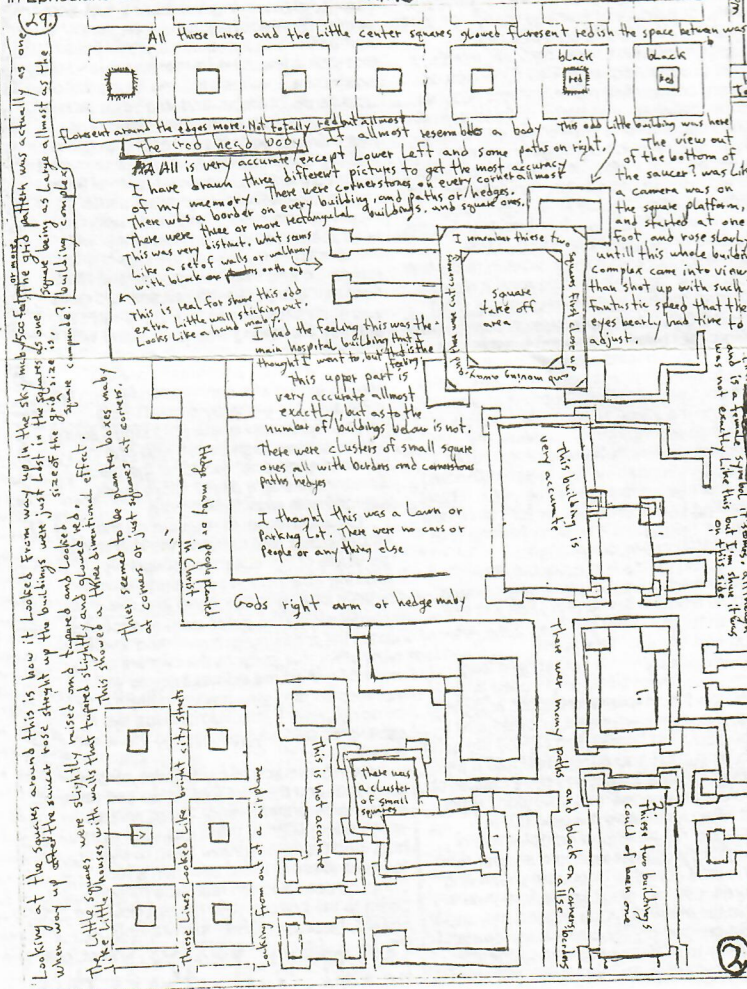
AND I was standing at the back of a large group of people by a large red orange sea with a similar sky. And there was a man standing there at the water's edge waving a stick or a rod, and saying, "Someday all this will be yours." And before this there was another scene that took a few days to remember, and this was where someone led me by the hand up a series of steps, and to a large rectangle with borders around the edges that was covered perfectly smooth with grass and the borders were smooth white marble or cement and as large as a football field.

Next we walked up another series of steps, maybe seven, and came upon a large rectangle full of smooth water with borders around it. It was the size of a large regulation size swimming pool, and filled right to the brim like the red sea and gave you such a full feeling, but at the red sea and sky the feeling was even better with a whole feeling and also a warm glow. And anyway the large pool wasn't red but maybe blue green earth light reflection on the water, but perfectly smooth. And around the border of the pool stood seven pillars, one on each corner and one in between each side, except at the back where there was a pile of rocks like a waterfall with water flowing out.

Oh and I forgot to mention on the embankment wall between the two rectangle levels of grass and water was ivy growing down in a wavy pattern like the bottom of a curtain or a veil and this was seen when on the grass level and looking up on the embankment wall. And it was the type of ivy that stuck to the cement or marble, like on the side of freeway walls sometimes, and was a wavy pattern only hanging down a little from the top like a table cloth and anyway back to the water level.

And the person to my left was holding my hand, and then we looked up and there were massive steps really broad with so much bright light up there that your eyes hurt. And there must have been twelve or fourteen steps at least, and then a red band maybe six to ten feet wide rolled down to the bottom. And I think I got scared, because I remember walking up Tell other stories you've heard. Tell others this.

It appears obvious that they will be here soon and all will know more of Gods hidden myst Mys. Get ready!



next we left the table to our right and walked across a
a old square church with reinforced corners that went
the roof at the corner, and looked like the points of a crown.
there was a big old double door with a rounded top, and one
door was open part way and someone was leaning out, and we talked
to him, and the person on my left said something like "we're taking a
tour or something. And the guy in the door said "Alright, well have a good
time or something. And we walked back past the church which was on
the right, and there was a old empty like building on the left with
a lower roof than the church. And we walked down a straight path in
large patch work of fields with rows in every one, like in the Central
valley with irrigation ditches full of water where they syphon water into the
rows. And on the right side of the path behind the church the man who
went with me said "see we just syphon the water down into the rows,
fill up the rows with this pip. And the water took off down the
nose, and you could just feel it sucking with a whirlpool effect. And
wow I can really feel it sucking. And he said yea. And you could
start to fill the first rows or row, and it was a shimmering
soward like shape, as it was going down the row filling it up. And
that is the double edge soward, that I died under and was reborn to
a new life in Christ, to be planted again in his field behind the church
on the right side, to be his servant, and to be harvested later, but
the right side having already come under judgment, but
again to be watered with the double edge soward and serve and
in him again. And I will not betray this gift and responsibility
after this he left me and walked down the straight path to where
the paths crossed, like a cross pattern between the blocks of fields
the cross is the path the Lord walks between the fields of the Lord.

And when he reached the cross roads he turned to the field on the left
being at the far end of it he waved his hand with his rod from
to his right, which meant that this field would come under judgment
Right to his left, may instead you I think so

Saw this vision

and he resurrected on his left. And it was standing at a distance
about midtown Belmont. A crowd of people although you couldn't really
see the people, you knew they were there. And he was facing us when we
him. For at the red sea we were all standing to his right, and
waved his rod from his left to mid body in front of him, saying
will all be yours, for since we were all to his right we were under
his judgment again, as when he was standing at the corner of the
to his left facing us, the field was on his right meaning that it
under his judgment. For all the time I walked with the Lord he was on my
holding my hand it seemed. And I forgot to say that out on the red sea
way off in the distance there were small circles connected together like
lilly pads just barely visible through the fog which was orange red as
was everything else. And they layed perfectly flat on the water, and
were spires that rose out of the water through the fog to enormous
heights. I mean really high. And there were three spires, one being
the largest and closest, and two others off in the distance kind of
Lost in the fog. And they reminded me of the three candlesticks on the
And the spires were the shape of the Christian fish symbol.

In the book The Androsson Affair The Lady Betty H. Androsson draw pictures of a
three sided pyramid, a burning phoenix bird that turns into a worm, and a bunch of eyes.
that she saw. In the book Communion and Transformation by Whitley Strieber there
is one time when he says they put a little triangle on your shoulder that makes
you uncounscious, and leaves a red bump for three or more days. Twice I have
had a red bump like that that appeared overnight and was not a big pimple.
Another time my skin felt like there was a heat lamp next to me in the middle
of the day. There have been a few noises like a thunder clap in my head at times.
And finally there is a vague remembrance of I was standing in a city square
and talking to someone, there were slab stones covering the square, and a old
church with a tower and a clock, like big ben. Although it could of been a courthouse.
And the clock was in a square frame, and I think it had fifteen after eleven. And there
might of been raised corners on the top like the points of a crown. I think that's about all.
And this would happen in the spiral or after, when
they were trying to do something like subdue you into conversation, or to get ready for the
And when they put you in the spiral it was such a good feeling
your whole body was floating in a twisting motion to the very core with
a whole feeling, and you would curl into a fetal position with your arms
your chest and grabbing one wrist. For I think there is a rod that you
that you hold on to while the spiral pulls you into the saucer.

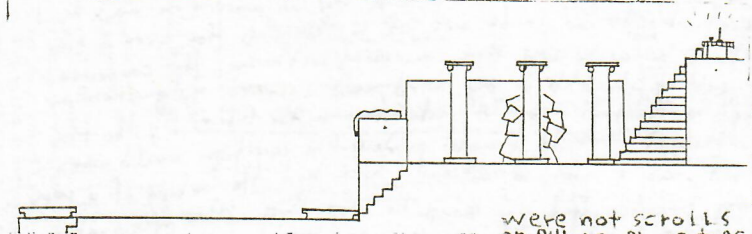
And on the third late evening
at least four hours of it, it seemed. May not quite, but I cried and
moaned and shrieked continuously until there just wasn't anything left
the power of this spirit was so amazing, and the intelligence was beyond
anything on this earth, just the power it had to dig inside me, and pour out
my last hidden self, and just literally take me to shreds, and peiced me back
together. The ability of this force is beyond discription, to be able to dig
my mind, and pull out things that I hadn't thought of in years, or to
out feelings that lay buried since childhood. Feelings of terror, anger,
pity, Love, jealousy, rage, Longing for Love, abandonment, Love of them, and
of my parents. Mostly Love of them, for when I was a baby and end
all night, they came down and saved me, and patted me on the chest
and said yea, yea, good, your good, your good, and they said it over and
over, and made me whole, and other times at least four I can
remember the spiral, but unconsciously I lost them, for I always
felt there was a part missing, a part of Lost Love that I
saw where it was. A nostalgic feeling that was hard to find where it
originated. And it was them, and now I know why I had such a Lost Love
feeling, and still now I sometimes cry and cry over them because they
me so much. They saved me when I was a baby, and now they made me
whole after all these years for I'm 38 now, and its amazing how the
human mind is so locked up in itself. They have set me free. And
they also scared me so bad, that I shrieked and howled, but said take
me, take me, I'm yours. And they would build me up till I was proud
fear me down again, and scare me so bad that I was in total
and in the end they just let me die, and it was so terrible, that you can
imagine what self pity. And during the power of a windy storm in a old
flat up trailer with tin and plywood blowing out the windows, and crasing
the feeling of utter destruction of the trailer blowing down the hill, they
instilled a fear in me that is now my strength and humble less. And
I forgot to tell you about the three kisses over my head. There was
maybe a three or four minute pause between each kiss sound, for each time I
heard the sound my heart was beating so hard that my moans of heavy
breathing were broken for I moaned continuously and uttered yea and oh and
out the entire spiral out of fear, and finally the last kiss kind of had me in a state of
happy fear. I Love them.
And at night I felt two fingers. One from the back and one from the
front. Right where my hart was in between them, and I thought
create in me a pure hart o Lord, for I am still struggling with
conflicting feelings of pride and selfishness and anger and Lust

Also I forgot to tell you that they fed me twice. Once on the second
night, and also on the third, although I dont remember, but maybe I was
sitting at a table like in a large cafeteria. Because the next day I had
a full gut and I hadn't eaten anything but oranges the day before
because the shit was a greenish fibrous material. And the same on the
third day when I went for a walk with the Lord. And also when they
came back and did a checkup on me they put little cuts on my
little finger, when my hand was folded the cuts would match each other
of the fold. Also later on my abdomen and on the side of index also. Other side
It seems that they know me like an open book, almost as if I was
on their computer, or they jumped out of my uncounsciousness,
because they know every corner of my mind even things I hadn't
thought of in years, and they could become or were the motion
behind my dreams. They were part of my uncounsciousness and had
the ability to be in or out of my conscious, for when I was
awake I knew he was there conversing with me. He conversed
by putting thoughts in my mind, and answered my questions by
stacking thoughts progressively like verses in the Bible. By the time
you thought the third thought pattern the question would answer
itself, and I was so impressed, you had the feeling of a very
strong presence, and you knew he was there, there was such a
strong sense of his presence, as if he were boring a boom
into my head.
Briefly other facts: A dog barking in early morning with quick nervous barks. And
returned letter that said wrong address but wasn't. It was a bad paranoia.
Letter I wrote to Mendocino memo, and that should of been sent anyway, for thank
I was afraid somebody might get my address or hurt me somehow. There was a vague vision
of seaweed or like hair moving with a flowing sideways wavy motion like being in water.
when the spirit gave me the ability to play guitar excellently, but when I thought I'm going
to have to show others how good I am, than all of a sudden I was playing terrible. Twice there
was the swell of smoke, once right before I realized I was playing terrible, for a layer of smoke flated down
and crossed my face. That was right before they payed the clouds and show a beam directly on me.
And finally at the end of the last night there was after hypnosis session and I had cried myself dead
a vision of jets in a tube walking out the tunnel at the movie theatre in Ukiah. You could see
the waves of the curtains that he pushed aside on the way out. I thought what does that mean
then I saw the Exit sign, the shows over I howled. I Looked out the window at two orange cats eyes watching

First saw ground level, and when the grass field came into view, and it was very realistic, and other points I forgot to mention were, I looked to the right, and it seemed there the plaza extended always, but just dropped off into space, for there was nothing beyond, and there was a square planter box in either corner edge, and the top had a like edge around it that overhung the top a little. I don't remember a plant in them though, and they seemed empty, I think that on the water level I don't remember planter boxes, and one thing I forgot to say was that I remember seeing light shining through the table cloth where it hung over the side of the table, because after I examined the chair I remember checking out the table cloth and feeling it, and it could of been more smooth and slippery like silk than I said before, and maybe the cover on the seat was a creamy white color. Also all the light wasn't really yellow exactly, but only the candle flame when I looked directly at it once, the light was more a bright dissipated white with a wistful glow from somewhere in front of us, but you couldn't really see over there, for I was in a daze, and left immobilized somehow. And another point that I forgot to mention was that after we left the table, and were heading toward the church right before we turned left toward the church I turned around, and looked all the way back over what seemed to be where the plaza extended out a ways like a square viewing area, and there were two low planter boxes similar to the other ones at each corner at the edge. And it seemed the edge just dropped to nowhere, for there was just nothing beyond, and it seemed like the edge of a cliff, and I got a little feeling in my stomach like when you know there is a long way down, for there was not even a guard rail, and I didn't go over to look. It seemed that I looked back to get a feeling of where I had been, or where I was going. I think I was a little nervous, for it was very high up, and when the red carpet came down I got a fright, and don't remember going up, and at the table I was in a trance, that they could of put me in because I was afraid. Then we turned and the guy with the book seemed to really make me feel special, like all right lets go feel right at home. And the whole atmosphere changed from one of real seriousness to lets go out and we'll show you our fields. And when we first came to the field on the right with the ditch around it, I thought I was in the central valley. And we kneeled down, and he was so enthusiastic and he said we irrigate these rows by putting these pipes in here. And he talked me so special that I will never forget that, and I wondered "did he do that for everyone?" For it seemed that after that he left me abruptly which was disappointing and went over to wave the stick in front of the large crowd. And that was the last time I was with him that close and personal, and when I received the most attention, and when he left I was sad for that was the last time I was with him. Although later the scene at the red lake, he was there waving his stick out in front of all the people. I don't really remember how we got back from that place.

The shape of the goblet was a rather low large heavy glass as high as a wine glass actually, but with a big bowl, and foot. I remember looking into it at one time and could see a like diamond shaped crystal in the back of the bowl where the light was reflecting through. There was only maybe an inch of wine in it. I think I remember he slid the glass over to me and said to drink. It is vague but I think I remember drinking. I do not remember writing my name in the book that was turned slightly sideways in front of me. It was a square book and appeared thin. I remember looking up at the candle in front of him, and the flame seemed to be flattened out and very thick and moving in a slow motion like wavy, and my eyes hurt and I looked away. I was in a trance like daze it seems, and he never really turned or looked at me, and I never saw his face. I didn't try to do anything really. I just sat there in a daze. Oh, and I was going to say the light from the candle flame was very yellow, but the bright lights just seemed to reflect everywhere, from around us.

And when I first looked up and saw much bright white light and looked away for a moment, then looked again, and saw what seemed like a red band maybe ten or twelve feet wide just flowing the steps like liquid, and I remember looking at the leading edge to see how, and it appeared like a curtain that is dropping at a movie theatre like curtain except smaller, and it was about a little more than half way down when I first saw that, and it was about looked like blood and became very afraid. Also it flowed kind of moderately fast but not slow. Maybe like thick paint running down a wall or faster. And there was a great fear when I thought of blood, and the next thing I remember I was looking at him and me sitting at the table from behind, I was seeing both of us sitting there, and it seemed that I wasn't in my body because my body was in front of me obviously.



And it reminded me of cool streams that I used to climb up into the rocks of the mountain. And the grass rectangle was maybe as big as a football field with white rock like borders around the edges that were maybe twenty feet wide and perfectly smooth with not a crack and where the cement or rock slabs would come together, and there was the embankment wall stretching way down maybe twenty feet high, and had the ivy growing on the top down the side, in a perfect wave pattern. And the grass was cut low and perfectly level. There were maybe five steps to the grass level, seven to the water level, and at least fourteen to the table. I have thought about this and am pretty sure it is close. I think the grass field might not be as big as a football field, but it was close if you include the cement borders.

Also happened when I saw myself with cloven feet walking down a hill. And I think this was the only time that something like this happened, for when I think back it is very peculiar. And another odd thing is that the persons personality I was just with was ~~more~~ different than the one who was now sitting at the table. For as I said earlier that he reminded me of my girlfriends dad and was a serious strong type, and the guy I was just with earlier was some other kind of personality that might of been a little like my old boss at the store, for he was different than my dad, but calm yet outgoing. And anyway after I saw myself and him sitting at the table the next thing I remember is I am standing to the right of the chair which was a square like chair with a white like fine apalstery of maybe shiny or smooth material, and the legs appeared to be of shiny varnished oak that had a yellowish colour, you could see the grain and it was very fine and smooth furniture, the legs were rather thin and straight, and I think were maybe one by three two and a half feet high. The top of the chair was about twenty inches wide, and across. A perfect square. There was no back to it, and there did not appear to be wood around the sides of the top. Well I can remember he said "Ok you can sit here", and I pulled it back a little and sat down, and it sank down like perfect high density foam, but was softer. Firm yet soft, as if it was a air pillow, but once you sank in it was firm, the top was maybe four inches thick, and was the most comfortable chair I have ever sat on. I could not say much more about his chair but it seemed that I remember it very well. It was a fine piece of furniture that I am going to try to copy. The reason the chair must be so important is maybe because they made me focus a lot of attention on it, for it was the only thing that really seemed physically real that I touched, except when we put the syphon hose in the row at the field behind the church. That was a very realistic physical experience where your body actually is in contact with something. Even when the guy was holding my hand I don't really remember feeling it. But no that is not true, now that I think about it. For when we came to the top of each series of steps he would let go of my hand, and let me walk ahead by my self a little, and that way would be able to see the view better. I don't remember walking up the red carpet even though I've tried to. There could of been square bases on the bottom of the candle sticks, and on the pillars around the pool. I think there were square tops on the pillars around the pool. The type with the ~~sculpture~~ like a Roman temple. It looked just like a old Roman pool with pillars around it, but seemed like a ruin sort of because there was no roof, and there was a like a shady cool feeling about it where at the back was a bunch of chunks of rock stacked up almost unnatural looking like somebody made a natural looking garden with rocks, and water was flowing and splashing down the rocks, but not into the pool, but some where else, for the pool was perfectly smooth with not even a slight wave. And as you know after we watered the first row ~~only~~, only and saw it fill or start to fill, then he got up and kind of abruptly walked away down the straight path toward the corner where another path crossed. And for the first time I felt all alone, and was somewhat sad or disappointed, and walked after him. And I found myself standing behind a pretty fair sized group of people, maybe thirty to fifty at least. And I didn't really see anyone exactly, but maybe they kind of glowed somehow, or seemed to all have toes on like a graduation. And I was trying to see what was going on and maybe standing on tiptoes to get a view over the people that I couldn't see clearly, but you had that feeling like being in the back of a large crowd. And he was standing at the corner of the field, and was waving his rod in his hand from his right side, also on a raised platform, and I think he had a robe on, a white one, and he could of been saying "this I will harvest", for I forgot to say that he was now on the left side of the field at the far end of the block. And the next thing I remember was at the red sea and sky, and don't remember how we got there. And it was such a good feeling from the very center of your chest, your whole body felt so whole like from the inside of your chest seemed to just expand float sort of. It was something about the red orange colour that was everywhere, the whole sky was a fuzzy cotton candy red orange, and it reflected off the water with such a warm feeling. And the water was as smooth and still as glass, and the huge lake was filled to the very brim as if it was going to flow right onto the pavement, like there was no edge where the water and shore met, and it gave you such a full feeling in your chest, and such a warm feeling. And I remember looking into the sky for a sun, and there was what all most seemed like a section of puffy cloud that was separate from the sky, but not really, for the whole sky just radiated a glow of dissipated light, for there was no glare, but a calm kind of light. And way way out on the water in the reddish fog there were three massive extremely high towers of similar to the Christian fish symbol, that towered through the clouds or haze. There was one that was higher than the rest and more visible, maybe because it was closer. Like the three candles on the table they were similar. I think that there were probably three legs on each one even though you only saw two when seeing it from the side, that is why it looked like the fish symbol except much more skinny. And way out there right on the water level, barely visible on the the leaves of a Lilly pad. It seemed like a large city made up of circles that float on the water like Lilly pad leaves. I tell you the truth, Canyon believe this, I can, because I was there, and I can prove it with so much evidence you couldn't shake a stick at. Oh I was standing behind, and they were maybe all in white robes or kind of glowing, and once again I was at the back of the pack, and he was there standing on the left side by the shore and waved his stick from his left to the center of his chest straight out in front of him toward the open sea in the east. For the picture of this vision was given to me the before the walk on the night prior when all of a sudden I see the south end parking lot of Lake Mendocino in a picture in my mind, and I thought why am I seeing this vision of the parking lot with the lake? I just couldn't figure it out, and thought "is this where they landed the saucer or what?" For as you know, I believed

came in one, although I now think they can just be there. I know they can be there. Any way it was the picture of the south end parking lot at Lake Mendocino that was put in my mind the day prior that connected me with his vision of the red sea which I didn't remember until midday that day, for that was the day of the Flood on Jan 22 my father's birthday that night in the early part was when the spirit tore me down in the last and most major therapy session where I cried for four hours, and was facing a power that is beyond anything you can imagine in this world. A mental force that is so great that it is beyond a description of comprehension. A force that can totally annihilate you, and turn you into a new creature, and all this was done without me ever seeing or feeling it. Any way, well, it was another day of the Flood, the whole first walk with the Lord. Do you realize the full mystery of the human mind. God has the keys, and only he can unlock the secret places, and knows the full secrets.

I remember looking once at his back, and could see waves where the cloth from his robe hung over his shoulders. He was calm and very still all the time it seemed, and there was a sense of strength and seriousness, and only once it seemed he motioned toward the cup as if saying to drink, for it seems maybe he slid the cup over between me and him. When we all of a sudden left the table I'm not sure I remember getting up or walking away, and it seems I was in such a daze that I just stared in front of me, for everything seemed blurry except when I focused on individual objects, that all of a sudden he was there and seemed happy and was maby grabbing my arm and hand and we were walking away from the table and heading toward the church. And he turned his head toward me, and appeared excited and was saying we're going on a tour. And this personality reminded me of my father when he would give tours to people on our ranch. Also the personality of the person at the table reminded me of the father a girl I used to really like, and he was serious and very tall just like the father figure on the seal. Next to me, another words you could say "ha ha you only had a dream" but what you don't understand is that God is the dream maker, and obviously he can create what he wants you or what you need to see, as to what is a image of one you look up to or respect. For as everyone knows "God is the father". Anyway I do not question the motives. I am just telling what I saw, for when I awoke the next morning I was dead tired, but thought I had slept like a log, and could not remember a thing until that day and two days later there was a warm glow in the room that morning, and it was all so fed that night green food. There was obviously a lot that happened that cannot be remembered. Any back to the story, I remember when I was looking at the table cloth when I first sat down at the table and was feeling where it hung down on the edge, and it was thick and appeared to maby have one more under the heavier top one, and the material was high quality with thick fine weave, going back now to when we were looking up at the table on top of the huge pile of stairs that tapered up like a pyramid. And after looking at the pool of water with the water fall and rocks at the back, and the pillars around the pool on the rock or cement border. And there maby was a single group of Lilly pads with a little flower like stems sticking up in the middle of them but the water on the pool was as calm as a mirror, and it seemed the light from heaven reflected with a maby greenish blue. And after that we stood back and he motioned toward the pile of stairs, and there was much bright lights up there that hurt your eyes even from where we were. I think he was holding my hand then, and he stepped to the side as if to say look up there or now lets go up there. And when he moved aside was the first time I looked up there.

When Deeze was saying "your angry with me" I was puzzled a little as to why, and it seems that I had the feeling that I was tricked somehow. Could it be that all this time I have been under his control without me knowing? Is it possible that they can make you deaf and dumb, and then free you. They have a reason for whatever they are doing with me, and maby I'm supposed to realize that. I have given up my free will to serve him for whatever he wants, and he is just trying to get that anger over with. Most likely it is part of a process that is ongoing and is just another part of the program to develop me to do thier will, and mold me psychologically and heal past buried fears and anger. For it is obvious that I have always been their child, but I don't know it until now. Maby that is why I'm supposed to be angry but there is a more deep emotional attachment that has been developed and is true love form.



Hypnotherapist Yvonne Smith with drawings of aliens; Smith leads support groups in Southern California for people who believe they have been abducted by extraterrestrials

This relates to God head building Map.

When I first saw this picture, I first saw a preview of the grid pattern, or what looks like the squares around the outside of this picture, for they are not to scale with the buildings complex. But I saw a glimpse of the squares that were changing size rapidly from a high altitude to maby a medium altitude, than the whole picture became black. This first view lasted a second and a half at the most. After the black out of maby two seconds the first thing I saw was the two squares coming from the corners of my eyes, and the words I was right there one or two feet, or more like five feet off the roof, and was in the center of the squares like it was 20 or 30 feet across. Then slowly or moderately it rose and I thought I was at somebodys Estate of a wealthy person, for the architecture was very expensive looking. I thought it was on earth than when about 100 feet high it went up so fast it was like a zoom lens that was going backward. In one second it was perfectly still like the space needle, only much higher.

The dream of the light getting me has also unlocked a crying baby in me from long ago, waa waa, like a little baby, and I seem to of lost that hitting feeling, like I want to strike out. Although when the light hit me there was a flash of me wanting to strike out. Now instead of wanting to strike out when I am disappointed or angry I hear this cry waa waa, and the hitting feeling that bothers me is becoming less real. For I don't want to strike out at Deeze. The dream of the light getting me also unlocked all those other dreams that I think are screen memories of encounters with them. For all these dream just flooded my mind right after the abduction of the light, and I hadn't thought of them once in fifteen or twenty five years. I seem very likely that these are screen memory dreams, for they have all come to light right after the abduction dream that scared me bad, and even broke into reality with a supernatural feeling. Although I have overcome that great fear, and am there was a light that looked like a bright star at first, but it just quickly was a bright bright wobbly light purple white that was coming right at me it seemed right from the west were venus is, except it stayed the same size like a bright, bright big flashlight sort of, but more like a welding light it was so bright. It came at a slightly downward horizontal motion, and kind of stayed the same size. This was so vivid, and there was a feeling of extreme panic and then as if I was hit with a blast that knocked me on the ground, but when I hit the ground I was just floating. The blast kind of came from the inside of my body, and there was this Flash of fear, then a different floating feeling, and I was laying in my bed awake and was hearing the radio, and I was still floating, and I knew they were going to take me, and I said yea yea, I want to go. I want to see you, take me taken, there was a little fear, but I was amazed that I was able and willing right then to be taken. I was still floating, and I thought they were really taking me for all this was so real, and I really had no fear. Maby a little apprehension. I am wide awake and don't want to open my eyes, and am still floating, and it is such a strange feeling. I then am getting ready to accept what ever, and become anxious because nothing is happening, and I'm not going into the spiral feeling. I then clean my mind, and instantly the floating feeling goes away. I feel disappointed out an in joy of having been given this blessing.

My whole place burned up in a fire two months before. It was a massive pile of junk. The fire was started by a electrical wire short in the grass. I feel that the fire was a blessing in the sky so to say, for it saved so much work, and was the beginning of my rebirth to resurrection from the mess I was in. I feel the spirits caused all this now, but I didn't know then. And by the way don't ever underestimate the power of God. I would allso like to state that they have the power to make your radio quit working, or make the station fade out, for during my 1st day encounter the radio was turned off three or four times, and once even before it all started. At first I thought it was broken, but then it was working again. I checked the wires and sometimes it would work. Later during therapy session they turned it off because it was distracting. And a few other times when it interfered with our program, once the station was just faded out to a static. For I left it on continuously, and they would allways answer my thoughts with a song, that was thier most common way of playing with me. A few miracles that I'm going to not tell you that are hard to believe.

One is that on the first day while at a friends house, and just realizing that it was true for the first time that "I was abducted", for I was putting the pieces together from the night before. And I became so shocked that my face started turning red, and I couldn't stop shaking, and I was saying "Oh my God I think I've been abducted", and was in a state of shock, and while sitting in the garden on a cloudy sunless day, I said "I think it has something to do with the sun or light". And right at that instant the cloud opened up and a single beam of light poured out on me exactly, while every where else was darker, and I knew right then that it was them and I couldn't stop shaking, and my face was burning with warmth. Allso it seems they were doing this a few others times. And allso twice a dove flew over my window, and once landed in my path. I have never seen doves come around much at all. This is all totally true.

The square roof of God's head = four, or a cross. of alter, the saucer of wisdom, and = five of Gods number, symbol.

They can throw a euphoric feeling over you that makes your whole body tingle. Just pure Love and well being. It can make you sexually excited a little, but is not the reason.

(13) One time there were two pounding noises on the roof that was then I'm convinced, for there is nothing else it could of been. It is a tin roof and it sounded like somebody hitting it with their fist. Also it happened when I was thinking something relating to them.

The healing of the small cuts they put on your finger or lower abdomen symbolizes the regenerating force of Christ, and is a physical link to them.

When I was in the Mission thrift store in Ukiah I was looking through the used book section of religious books. Some books were fraudulent, and some more precise. I picked up a small book by Pat Robinson, called Lives 200 most asked questions. I knew the spirit was with me then for it was middle or right after my ^{three} day encounter. I turned slightly around and showed the book, ~~one~~ towards over my left side, and asked, is this a good book, and heard three kiss noises kind of quick, like somebody going tisk, tisk, tisk ~~only~~ through their teeth, only sucking in with the air it sounds different, more like a kiss. The tip of your tongue touches the back of your upper teeth at the roof of your mouth, and air is sucked in between the upper teeth or under them, and between the roof of the mouth ~~only~~ the tisk sound is made. This works better if you have spit these to make the kiss sound. Anyway this was very distinct, and I was not shocked for some reason than, but whenever I think about it I am so amazed that that spirit is either with me or was hanging out here, because there is a little church room there. I've tried to get it to make that noise again, but it won't, although a few times I thought I heard it faintly while asking serious questions lying in bed at night. It has a way of becoming so faint, that you wonder if it was really there, or just. Anyway this was the same major kiss noise that was over my head when on the second night of the encounter, where I was in extreme fear, mixed with sexual feelings, and other times on the ~~third~~ night when major theory occurred. One time I said "why me?" and I was sobbing heavily, and I heard it, and I know because this thought came into my head that said "because we love you." And I cried with such joy even though I was feeling much self pity at that time. There was another time that I said "I won't write a book about this," because I felt that would be capitalizing on a gift, and I heard a kiss. There were a few other times that are vague, but there was a kiss noise when I talked with it. Put yourself in my shoes and I'll put myself in yours. And call my old boss at "the Redwood Valley Shopping Center" in Redwood Valley. And ask him about my honesty my reputation ect. He is a respected person in the community and I worked for him for seven years. Call me if you want. When I think of the being or force of some entity standing over me on the second night, I wanted to lash out and grab him in a violent way and pull him into me, for I really love him so much, but why am I giving off these violent reactions when I want to grab him violently and just crush him? I really want to grab him violently and pull him into my body and spirit, for really I have deep love for this thing. It is like a God to me as much as it scared me and made me feel like it could destroy me. I still love it so much that I want it to destroy me. I will do anything it says, and I feel guilty when I want to lash out at him, for all he has done for me. I hope he can forgive me, for really he is my idol, like my dad, he is a God to me. He is God and I want him to destroy me if he wants to, for I am his slave forever, and have a deep respect forever. I will never forget this and what he has done for me. I want to be with him forever, and slowly he will form me to the way he wants, and there will be no guilt anger or fear. I am still a little afraid, and I think that's good respect, this was written about a month or more ago when I was still feeling strange fighting feelings about the encounter. Maybe even two months. It is much different now as those angry feelings are almost gone. Just last April third of that Saturday morning the dream of the light getting me has also unlocked a crying baby in me from long ago. Waa, waa like a little baby, and I seem to of lost that hitting feeling like wanting to strike out when disappointed. I cry waa waa and the hitting feeling that really bothers me is less, for now I don't want to strike out at ~~jeese~~ ~~jeese~~. That frightening terribly real dream of the light getting me and the floating numb immobilized buzzing feeling where I could not feel a thing, but was wide awake and heard the radio and was afraid to open my eyes, for I knew they were going to take me but didn't, and when I clenched my fist it was as if somebody threw a switch, and everything was back to normal in an instant. I could feel myself laying in bed, I'm trying to tell you that they made me relive a old encounter of abduction, and this has unlocked five dreams in a instant that I haven't remembered for twenty or more years. One was of flying machines that came over the mountain, and one crashed or landed on our property, and my dad and brothers ran out to the field, and there was a man there it seemed, and I think I went for a ride, but it is vague, there was another where the whole mountain was on fire, there was another of a big house with a lot of different rooms and different people. One of riding motorcycles. Oh and the one of the house was a recurring one many times.

(14) Plan the song "you are you are the lamp unto my feet" I really liked that, and I remember the song now it goes "Don't anybody leave me, don't anybody leave me, don't anybody leave me." I loved me? And sometimes I thought it meant the me God loves me and because I loved him so much, and they please that song for me it seems as if it all came playing right when I was thinking of Jesus. It took me awhile to get over the extreme unworthiness and a gift of feeling put in such a exalted position, and I became self conscious, and when I heard the witness church, and told a few people there what happened, and this was only after the first night when I saw the flying saucer take off view. And I said "Have you ever heard of flying saucers and the Bible being connected?" And he said "Oh God destroyed that race of evil giants long ago, and flying saucers are evil forces, and God will destroy them." And I was shocked, for I just didn't want to have to tell him, and I said "So you think they might breed people for I had the feeling that that might be what was happening to me, and I was in love with his daughter, and was asking the spirits to breed me with her the night before. For I was having much sexual feelings, and felt they wanted me to breed. And I was fantasizing about her and hoping they would breed me with her. And I remember a thought came into my head that said "You have to ask her father." And when I said "Do you think they might breed people," he said "Oh they are a evil race that would come down and molest our women, an evil destroy or did destroy them." And I said well what if they took the sperm of a guy and somehow bred you? And he said "Oh no God destroyed them." And I said "Don't you think that beings that are this intelligent would have to be nothing but good?" And he said "Oh no." And you can imagine how I felt. For I just didn't want to have to tell him. And I said "Well I think it just happened to me." for when I said this I was in a state of shock, but under control, and he kind of stepped back, and there was at least two persons who overheard. Anyway I came back every Sunday, and was at that time that in their studies they were saying the discreet slave it was somewhere in the room. The annoyed one. And I just knew they were talking about me, and was shaking and red in the face, and I kept it a secret while I was preparing my story, and was on the top of the world and feeling so important that I was the one who had the message from God that they are always waiting for. And kept my identity a secret, but thought that some elders knew I was "the discreet slave" they kept talking about. And so I finally gave my story to the girl I was in love with as a honour to be the first person to receive this "Message from God" for she never paid attention to me, and many how she would think me worthy. Her name was Eden. And on the rolled up papers that looked like a scroll for I remembered one verse in the bible that said "don't forget the father" which meant the writings of the message from the spirit to one of the apostles.

I wrote from the son of God to the garden of Eden, and gave it to her discreetly out side the church, and said "Don't take this too seriously, and it is pretty far fetched." For I knew it was going to blow her away. And later it seemed like she was looking at me strangely and trying to avoid me. Later I asked her dad "what do you think of my story?" He said "I think you have a good imagination." I got angry and said "well you better start believing me." I even gave them another version of the story, but they thought I was crazy, or had the devil in me, and were paranoid. I was downbanded, and realized what kind of burden this will be, and how I must learn to live with rejection, for I was already used to that and I can understand that it isn't going to be easy to get people to believe me. That is why I'm writing a long long letter.

Then I wrote them a whole nether version of my story with as many details as I could, just like I'm doing now. Except now I can even tell you more, because the spirit came back again when I saw the light and was floating, immobilized and buzzing while I was awake and ect. Just believe it. So anyway the program is progressing. And so I told the preacher. The dad of the girl about you going to tell anybody? Because now he had two copies of the story, and he said no, we aren't. They said "We don't believe it, or disbelieve it." I said to give me the story messenger of light. That's all they would say. And how I was thinking I was the discreet slave it was a honour while it lasted. Then I found out that they didn't even recognize Christ or something. That's when I knew something is wrong, these people are paranoid, for as you can see in my story, there are examples of the trinity. Canals and spirit ect.

use me for breeding, if that is what they will do, I am all for it, because having never been a father, it would be a gift beyond belief if true. For I truly hope it is, for there have been feelings that it might be. And I asked the spirit am I a father, but there was no response, but after a long pause a thought came into my mind "all life is precious." I'm not sure if this was me or what. I do know it was my wish, for I was fantasizing about a special person that I wanted the spirit to mate me with. I truly thought they would, for I feel they have the power to do anything possible, but later a thought came into my head that said "You have to ask their father." I kept on fantasizing about two other girls, one after the other, and then I was shocked to see myself kind of in a dream state where I was walking down this hill, and I had hooves where my feet should of been, and I felt like they were telling me "you are a beast." when I saw this it was as if I was watching myself from behind, and seeing myself walking with cloven feet. The reason I talk of all this is because on the second day I felt very sexual as if I could never feel that much, and I thought "they want me to breed." It was just on my mind, but at the same time I was in extreme fear, and this would go back and fourth. I thought maybe they were trying to possibly make me overcome my fear of women, or were using sexual feeling as a way to calm me, but I had this desire to have sex, and at the same time a "extreme" fear would overcome me, because I knew they were there, and sometimes my body would float a little at one end, and I would shudder in fear, and all the time moan and breathe heavily. I would hear the first kiss and fear would overtake me. My heart was beating so hard that my moans were broken, and I would try to moan loud so I could hear the squealing sounds and cunks now and then, for I knew they were there. Then finally I would calm down, and then after about five minutes there would be another kiss right over my head and loud. I would go into this terror all over again, moan and breathe heavily with heart pounding, and also mixed with strong sexual feelings. I would calm down, and then the third and final kiss wasn't quite as bad. It took a long time to go to sleep for I was still afraid.

8

They scraped skin from inside cheek, Allso colin I think,

by Leftist in mouth.

There were scores of people by left foot in mouth.

This is evidence beyond a doubt, wouldn't you agree?
 Rev 17:1 The prostitute who sits by many waters. Rev 17:15 The waters
 are people, crowds, nations, languages. Rev 21:18 As pure as clear glass
 Rev 21:21 The street of the city is of gold as pure as clear glass. Rev 21:22
 But I didn't see any temple in it because the Lord God the Almighty and the
 Lamb are its temple. Rev 21:23 And the city didn't need any sun or moon
 to give it light, because God's glory is its light, and the Lamb is its lamp.
 Rev 21:24-27 Rev 22:1 This is similar to the rocks behind the small pool of
 water that had the seven pillars around it, but is not the same picture
 exactly. Rev 22:3 This talks of the throne of God, but not the table
 Rev 22:5 They will not need a sun explains the sunless sky of the redemptive sky.
 Rev 22:6 This is overwhelming evidence that I will let brother Camping lead.
 Rev 22:9-12 Rev 22:16 Says I Jesus have sent my angel. Rev 28:17-21 Amen
 Rev 14:13, 12 Rev 14:14-16 This reminds me of when I walked with the Lord from the
 table, past the church, we talked to the person leaning part way out of the
 door of the church that had corners on the roof like a crown and walked out
 into the field where we first put the syphon hose in to water the field behind
 the church, and then he left me and went to the far end of the field on the
 left, and waved his came from his right to his left. I think, but I don't know.
 Any way, does anybody there see any similarity? And don't forget the abandoned
 empty building caddy corner to the church that was on our left as we walked out
 into the field. This could be related to Rev 14:13 Also remember that there was a
 Lot of light up there where the table was when I sat next to the Lord, I
 don't remember a crown on his head, but the church had tips or corners just
 like one, and with a flat roof like a crown. It is very clear that a person
 came out of the temple, and said something to us, but I don't remember his
 saying that, for he just kind of replied with a friendly response, for the person
 I was with said something like, "We're taking him on a tour or something,
 and the person in the door said, "Well, have a good time." Something like that.
 And later when he waved his came across the field he seemed to be implying just
 I had this feeling in my head that he was saying "and I will harvest all this".
 This is very similar as it is obvious to me the sequence of events is overwhelming!
 Rev 15:5 This is the same as the scene of the olympic sized swimming pool full of
 water to the brim. (water represents peoples, nations) with the seven pillars surrounding
 it (Proverbs 9:1) The rocks at the far end and the water flowing out is God's
 word, and the fact that there was no roof on it and appeared as a ruin, it
 is obvious. I am just totally amazed, for as you can see it ~~seem~~ says
 (After this I saw the temple of the ~~tabernacle~~ tabernacle containing God's word in
 heaven opened). And the seven angels etc. which obviously represent the seven pillars.
 How much more evidence does one need? Rev 16:1, 6, 15, 18 I have found that these
 words have things of relevance also. Rev 18:24 this also has relevance maybe.
 Rev 10:7, Rev 20:11, 12, Rev 21:3-7, Rev 20:15, Rev 19:8, 9, 10, Rev 19:11, 12-16
 Here are other verses of importance, 3 John: 9-15, 2 John 7-12, 1 John 4:1-6
 1 Pet: 1:12, 1 Pet 2:4, 2 Pet 2:4, Heb 8:1-5, 7-13 This is the most important one!
 Just remember that I am only ~~only~~ telling you what is obviously what is.
 To me this is no big deal any more, and I'm not even going to put a exclamation
 point, for I am turning out of every having written so many words. Just believe me,
 just read Hebrew 11 where it starts talking about faith. And other important
 verses are: Cor 10:19-11:1, Cor 11:16-23, 28, 31, 2 Cor 12:1-9, Gal 1:12, 13, 14, 15
 Gal 1:6-10-11, 17, Gal 2:9, Gal 6:16, Gal 5:14-16, Gal 3:15-18, 22, Eph 1:3-14, Eph 3:10-14, 15
 Gal 4:11, 13, 8 Phil 2:5-11 Phil 3:7-12 Col 2:18, 19-23 Col 3:1-4, Col 3:15, 17, 23-25, Col 3:23-25
 Col 4:10 12, 13, 16, 17 etc. I left the bottom of this page open for writing verse but

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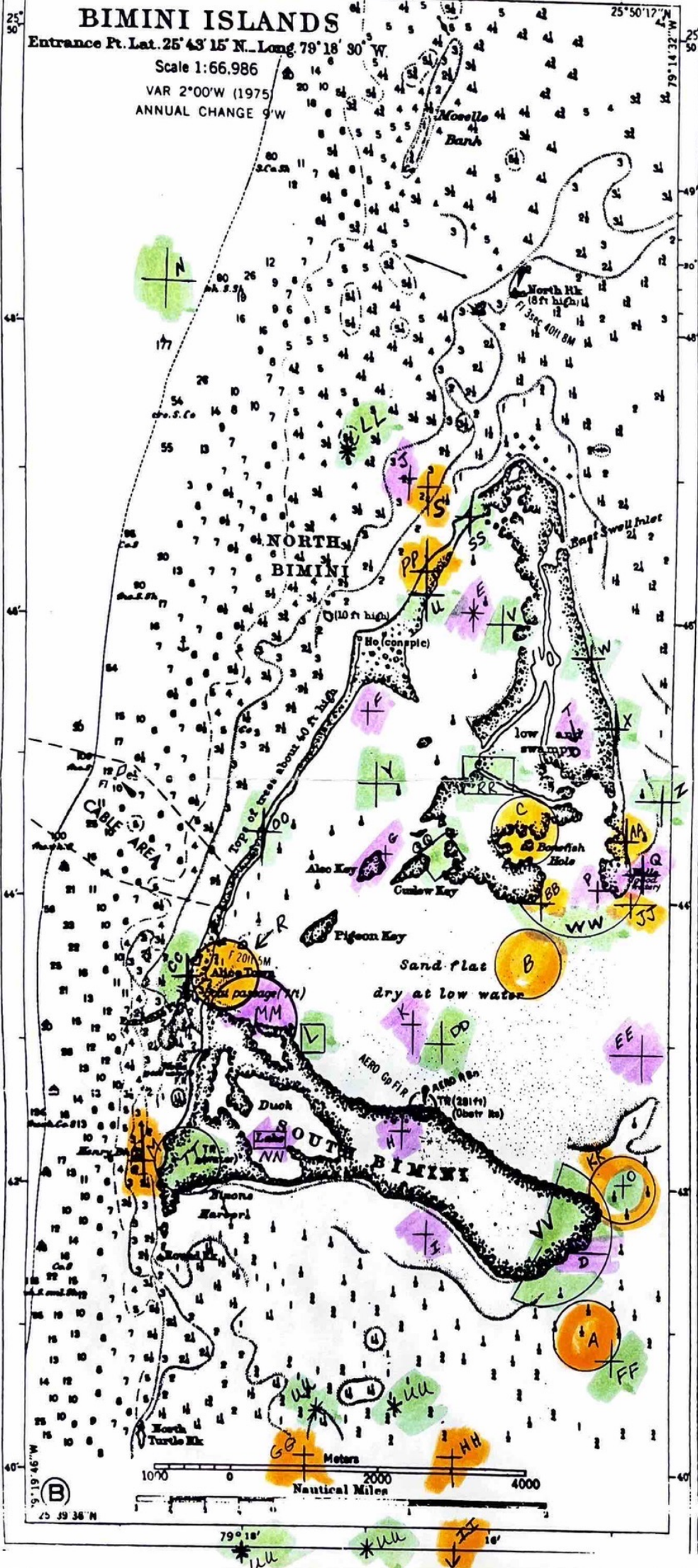
BIMINI ISLANDS

Entrance Pt. Lat. 25° 43' 15" N. Long 79° 18' 30" W.

Scale 1:66,986

VAR 2° 00' W (1975)

ANNUAL CHANGE 9' W



LOCATION - RESPONDENT - EXPLANATION

A	E.P.	Building - Power - Magnetic; felt columns in Zink's book were here.(T.R. felt this was a temple)
B	E.P.	Magnetic - very strong all along here.(T.R. felt this was a major site also)
C	E.P.	Felt pink coral colored walled in pool at this site, possibly a health spa.
D	F.F.	When checking E.P.'s information, F.F. felt there was something here, less than 200 yards from shore and is deep.
E	F.F.	Felt there was a building here.
F	T.R.	Water dome with eleven ley lines emanating from it. Felt there was something unique/special about the eleventh ley coming off water dome.
G	T.R.	Felt there was a "mace" 2' long and 1" in diameter, about 14 ' down.
H	T.R.	Building blocks near airport about 12' deep, utensils also.
I	T.R.	8' stones, 15' below surface of sea floor.
J	JL/JM	Chamber #1, 4000 sq. ft., 7-10' below sand.
K	JL/JM	Chamber #2, 2000 sq. ft., artifacts, 7' below sand
L	JL/JM	Walls, artifacts, 2-3' below sand.
M	JL/JM	Obelisque, 6-11' below surface, 8' at base, a sacred site.
N	JL/JM	Pyramid, 10 sided(?), 60' diameter at base, 30' high, 4-5' exposed.
O	JL/JM	Cave, 4000 sq. ft., 5' below sand, artifacts, <u>best to explore.</u>
P	JL/JM	Monument never completed, 5-10' below sand.
Q	JL/JM	Chamber, 900 sq. ft., 4' below sand, artifacts, second most valuable.
R	RP/MK	Government dock area, many remains.

S	RP/MK	Unknown object
T	RP/MK	Alter 23' below sand.
U	RP/MK	On land remains.
V	RP/MK	Below water remains.
W	RP/MK	Below water remains
X	RP/MK	Below water remains
Y	RP/MK	Below water remains
Z	RP/MK	Below water remains
AA	RP/MK	On land, several remains.
BB	RP/MK	Below water remains.
CC	RP/MK	On land remains.
DD	RP/MK	Below water remains.
EE	RP/MK	Below water remains.
FF	RP/MK	Remains, several structures, below water.
GG	RP/MK	Below water remains.
HH	RP/MK	Below water remains.
II	RP/MK	Below water remains.
JJ	RP/MK	Below water structures.
KK	RP/MK	Below water, many remains.
LL	Unknown	Map marked without explanation.
MM	RP/MK	Many remains
NN	Plamac	Commercial building, 15" below sand.
OO	Plamac	House, artifacts, 16' below surface.
PP	Plamac	Store, artifacts, 14' below surface.
QQ	Plamac	Pyramid, top of rubble 26' below surface.
RR	Plamac	Temple, base 76' below sea level
SS	Plamac	Sculpture, 9' in two pieces, 7' below surface.
TT	SL	Best spot for artifacts, 5000 yrs. ago, sacred spot. Another respondent picked this area as "feeling good" also.

UU	LB	Stars are remains.
VV	LB	Artifacts may be found.
WW	LB	Artifacts may be found.

CSAR (Truzzi)
P.O. Box 1052
Ann Arbor, MI 48106

1984



Frederic Baraga, Michigan, 18

I put this
together because
I heard that 1992
might be a
good year for a
"Fund"

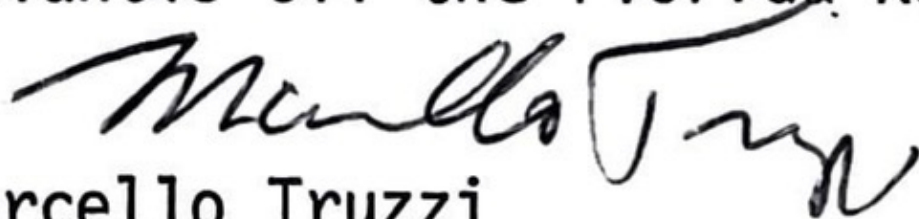
M.J. Romanko
P.O. Box 290591
Tampa, FL 33687

Dear Mr. Romanko:

10/28/84

Forgive my long delay in responding. Your letter got misplaced and only now found. // I would be happy to learn more about your new evidence re the location of Atlantis, but the fact that psychics give a consistent picture is not very significant since it would be hard to establish complete independence. And, of course, the final proof will be in the eating of the pudding: an actual examination of the alleged area, etc. // Still, if you want to send me stuff, I am always open to evidence and arguments. Best write to: CSAR (Center for Scientific Anomalies Research); P.O. Box 1052; Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. // Also would like to know more about your psychic in Philadelphia whom you claim is 90-95% accurate. // I'm not psychic but would guess you are talking about Atlantis off the Florida Keys.

Best wishes,


Marcello Truzzi

File die toeloud court house tehriz - clock was was
nothing.

I cant do this myself, I havent done anything illegal. Im Jon Bisch and Im not responsible for the undue mental, emotional, and physical damages that agents, that say theyre affiliated with the federal government are doing. These agents use psychics to read my mind and body actions and predict them. They broadcast these thoughts over the CB, VHF-FM, HAM and shortwave frequencies. they feed and broadcast by (electronic activated voices), 24 hours a day, and they subliminally control me in actions, that I do. They give a subliminal command and all voices I hear go into my mind as a thought. They warn people by threatening to take theyre securities away, then people violate or feed lies or restrain the truth on anything I desire. People try to feed me correct information and they block it subliminally from me hearing it. Im deaf and dumb on command. They use (f) horror to get anything they want. From car stolen, backpack and confessions stolen from my possession. They turn (f) horror on and demand if you dont do it, were not shutting it off. This (f) horror is extremely painful to my brain and abdominal regions. They fed tap in on June 12, 1986. While I was in my apartment with my girlfriend in Clearlakepark CA. They are butchers in psychics clothing. They tell you conditional lies to get you to do something. Theyll say anything to get what they want. They feed excuses for the terror they inflict. They feed a false personality in "HE". They tapped in and fed me a reality they made up. I was not in control of my thoughts when being fed. Feeding was reality. Communication was with my thoughts not verbal. Thoughts were taken as verbal statements. Hold accountable for theyre fed statements. -Go- Confused between fed false reality and true reality by the lies I was fed. Theyre making me into a false personality by any negative means possible. Im at theyre mercy. They use the psychics name to back up theyre lies. Im isolated from my self by (switches), subliminally induced which shut down awariness and other brainfunctions. They shut it down then try to imitate it so it looks like nothing wrong. For example; cant cry or get angry, EMOTIONS ARE FLAT. music does produce emotional responses, deaf of certain sounds and tones. No colds, dont get sick. No yawns or sneezes, No dreams. No body breathing is shallow, smell and taste dont work 90% of the time no fear. Im on their schedule of terror and they feed a different story. They control and direct 4 out of the 5 senses. They feed opposits of the truth. Moods are commanded by them (if I like it -They feed subl. to hate it, or stop it. if I hate it they feed subl. to like it or believe it. It doesnt matter if people know it will hurt me or if its illegal people do as theyre told when warned. They feed negative twists of my memory to people and me. They make you believe them, then they change the story. They feed pain subl. in different parts of my body for example; severe headaches, eyesburn, teeth hurt, in-lungs hurt and diaphragm hurt, knife in esophagus cant walk-pain in scalp

Paul H. Stanley & Co. - St. Paul

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David Cunningham

Rob. B. Johnson

My A. Gilbert Jr.

Wm. D. Fryer

Mary H. H.
 O. H. H.

John Waspel

Hereta Sierra

Can't get it up - Ejaculation no orgasm
They torture me all the time
when warnings are strong enough
let you to prove their point

They have no right to put search lights back the
They will stop trying to sell such evidence, so that
They could kill me if they wanted to
They torture me for their pleasure
for my own pleasure

Let's say to prove their point
Set down, it was not strong enough
opposite in situations, emotions, energy
without the predictions they'd have occurred
parts they irritate and to the point.

to privacy. They feel just 12 hours which is hard events - but not what they're used to me. They make me hurt and there's not everything. Tom Shachtman - unblatant - then they make it impossible to get a word in.

Evolutional threat - they cut evolutionary threats
It's illegal to be yourself they tend to suppress
values in hood:

They continue to torture all prisoners until they have
 promised
 them a murdering one and everyone denies any
 of them, they can stimulate the fight of a hunger strike
 they are not under control.